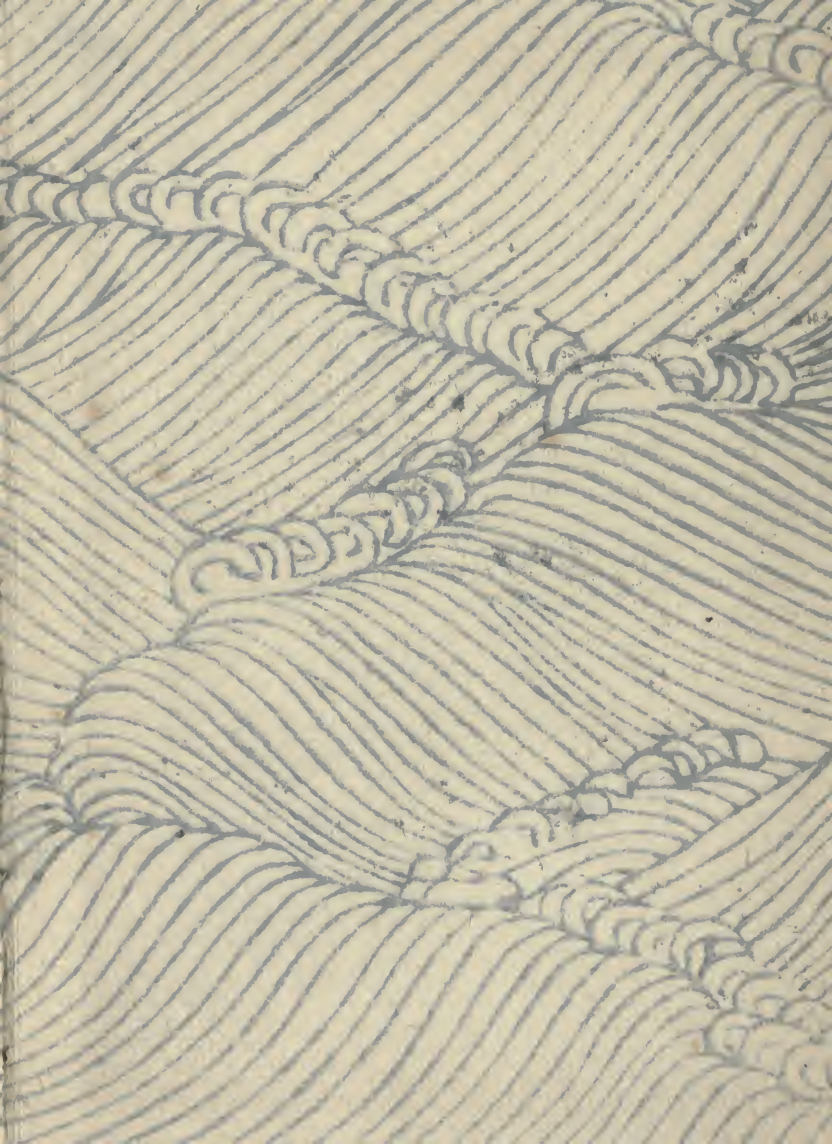
NINA JONES
Her Book



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NINA JONES
HER BOOK

NINA JONES
Her Book

PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO

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By PAUL ELDER AND COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO

TO
MY FATHER

Take this—my book
A poor offering
For so much kindness,
But my all. I bring
And lay it in your hand
Today.

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NINA JONES
HER BOOK

A Song of Little Things

Little birds upon the wing
Flying off together,
Bursting little hearts to sing
Of the golden weather.
Little birds upon the wing!

Little sails out on the sea,
Gulls and sails aflying,
In the winds of Destiny
Each the other vieing.
Little sails out on the sea!

Little stars up in the sky,
Heaven's lamps ashining.
Do you ever wonder why,
Are you never pining
For the birds and sails that fly?
Little stars up in the sky!

"Missie"

The name you had for me,
(You called it yesterday)
As blossoms of rosemary,

The little name "Missie."
It fell so light and gay,
The name you had for me.

Did it guide you happily
Back, or will you say?
As blossoms of rosemary!

Little name that was the key
To the springtimes early May,
The name you had for me.

Sweet and dear eternally,
Smiling at the sun loved day,
As blossoms of rosemary.

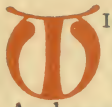
Who shall take this name from me?
When my hair is turning grey!
No.—It shall be April's fee
As blossoms of rosemary.

To Mrs. Carrington

Go, sonnet, tell her that I miss
The little touch upon the waiting hand;
The ever ready words, "I understand;"
Her kindly thought; the imprint of her kiss.
And whisper how her words did much impress,
As a seer's finger writing on the desert sand,
This life of mine; how she ambition fanned
Until it was a flame of lovliness.

She may, within her dear heart's warmer clime,
Send me a word, as the swift passing ship
Takes brief a second from its glass of time,
To signal the small shallop's toss and dip.
I pause o'er—I remember we are friends
Even to the world's eternal sunset ends.

Winds That Blow



Winds that blow the roses sweet
Over the walls of the garden,
Out into the dusty street
And never ask a pardon,
Do you never wonder where
The ashes of those roses go,
Or is it you do not care?
Winds that blow!

Loneliness

I think of you the whole day through.
My thoughts, they voyage swift and speed
Upon the winds across the mead.
The winds that sing the song of you!

I watch alone, the stars that gleam
Their vagrant way across the sky.
I know a little bird will fly
One day to you as in a dream.

And you will come, hearing my call,
So silently upon the sand.
I will reach out and clasp your hand,
Remembering and forgiving all.

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The Ships That Pass in the Night

The ships that pass in the night,
Through the silvering grey of the sea,
Are ever a welcome delight.
The ships that pass in the night
May hold a dream's swift flight;
Some fair dream for you or me.
The ships that pass in the night
Through the silvering grey of the sea!

After "Oh! That We Two Were Maying"

Oh! that we two were sailing
Down the breast of the distant stream.
Like little white drifts playing
In the shade of the river's dream.
Oh! that we two sat, dear one,
On the banks of the golden rod,
Watching the twilight beckon
O'er the clouds that reach to God.
Oh! that we two lay sleeping
In our haven beneath the sea,
With our hearts in Love's safe keeping
And our souls in Eternity.

My Mother's Eyes

She has blue eyes, that smile
And hold the depth of angels' tears;
That shine through stars, the while
Gazing backward at the years.
They are so true, these lovely eyes,
And ever gaze a new sweet thought———
But who would not surmise
She has *blue* eyes!

The War

It crashed upon the world its mighty woe,
And tore its bloody path through many hearts—
A thing malign that is all nations' foe,
War! the destroying hand of all the arts.
It turns Time back to dreaded savage parts.
The wreaking knife of murder's gory force,
It hurls the best in man into its carts
Of carnage, ravage; heedless of remorse
That comes too late with Death's unflinching course.

The Days We Played

The days we played in the shimmering sea
And your song was light on the quiet air,—
Happy the hours and happier we,
Without a sorrow and with a laugh for care!
Now was there ever so merry a pair
Dancing in sunshine beneath the lea?
The days we played in the shimmering sea
And your song was light on the quiet air!
The salt shone diadem-like in your hair,
We can not say love was not there,
But in the Autumn he set himself free.
The days we played in the shimmering sea
And your song was light on the quiet air.

Silence

Silence is the lull that follows gales at sea,
The pause before the voice of lovers' speech,
The stillness of the grey dawn's mystery,
The aftermath of twilight on the beach.
It is God given within human reach.

It is found in emotion's greatest hour,
A thing too subtle for expression's form.
It dwells in the heart of a forest flower
And sails like a light cloud before the storm,
Unseen, unheard, but with insistent power.

The Dreamer

Dream that my dwelling is within your heart,
Imagine that my visioning is your own,
Look up and see me laughing down the path
Of memories,—together we have sown.

Suppose that life were a meadow green,
The years the field flowers that blow,
And through the tall grasses hand in hand
Singing, like happy children we go.

Oh say that, "The sad road is covered,"
That,"The dogwood's abloom in the Spring."
And once more we shall sit in the twilight
With silence——remembering!

Consolation

Lie still!
No ill
Can come to you.
Asleep
So deep
And fathomless
Is death.
No breath,
An end of pain.
I call,
'Tis all
My sad heart knows.
Silent,
Intent,
Upon your slumber.
But near
I hear
Your spirit speak,
In dreams,
It seems.

Heart of the Winds That Cross the Hill

Heart of the winds that cross the hill
And come with the sweet of the hay,—
Through my curtained window sill;
Heart of the winds that cross the hill,
Bringing a breath of the ocean's chill,
And cooling the summer's day;
Heart of the winds that cross the hill
And come with the sweet of the hay!

Death

The tears rained from the sky
Oh stormy weeping.
The sun hung sadly behind a cloud
For you were sleeping
In that last unwakeful rest.
The world was grey.
Even the green almond swayed in sorrow,
The old priest came to pray
And I beside your still form stood
Turned fast to stone;
Then through the rainbow that swiftly
swayed above
I saw your face—alone!

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The International Magazine

Inconstancy

I love the world!
I love you.—
I could not be true
To just you,
So I love the world
Including you.

A Prayer

Oh let our prayers come unto Thee
And listen in Thy greater heart.
To the torn world eternally
Oh let our prayers come unto Thee!
Until from sin our souls are free
And we have done our given part,
Oh let our prayers come unto Thee
And listen in Thy greater heart.

Fleur de Lis

Ye spring to color o'er the hills of France,
In glory purpling the martial fields,
And waving pinions of fair romance,
In winds that sing of battle and of chance.
And ye art blazoned even on their shields!

Ye grow in the damp of the trenches' mire,
In the hot passion of war's wretched cause,
And give thy fresh bloom to the cannon's fire,
(Too frail to burn on a funeral pyre—).
Oh what care ye for this world's mock applause!

Ye die on stems made green by April's tears,
On youthful graves ye thrive to bloom anew.
Thou art the ghosts of a hundred buried years,
Of other lily flowers that here grew,
Returned to face the horror and the fears!

Katherine

February 23, 1916

Won't you say she's sleeping, sleeping,
Resting peacefully today?
Won't you see the angels keeping
Watch above her lovely clay?

Does your heart stop still and listen
For her footfall on the stair?
Do you close wet eyes that glisten
With the sad tears always there?

Won't you think her sleeping, sleeping,
In that home below the hill,
With the cool green ivy creeping
Over door and window sill?

Oh, poor lonely heart a'aching,
Give her tears and violets white,
Only know that she is waking
Out of darkness into Light.

A Lullaby

Sleep in these happy arms—my pet,
Dream that the fluted notes of Pan
Are dancing o'er your coverlet,
And baby stars are looking down
Upon you, child, and even yet
Are dancing o'er your coverlet.

Rest through the quiet night,—my sweet,
Know that God is looking down,
Guiding to Dreamland your little feet.
And sweet thoughts linger o'er your bed,
While mother's prayers with them meet
Guiding to Dreamland your little feet.

We Chased the Butterflies of Dreams

We chased the butterflies of dreams
Into the fields of yesterday,
And caught one mid the moonlight beams.
We chased the butterflies of dreams,—
That danced beside the shady streams.
They lingered,—but to fly away.
We chased the butterflies of dreams
Into the fields of yesterday!

Distance

I loved you, dear,—
I never told you so.
I pressed your lips,—
You did not dream or know.
I called your name,
You could not hear so far,
For I'm the ingenue—You—the star!

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The Theatre Magazine

Awakening

I knew it not for love
When first you touched my hand.—
The trembling of my heart
I did not understand.

I knew it not for love
When first you kissed me, dear,—
And yet it seemed not strange
That you should be so near.

I knew it not for love
Until you went away,—
Then came the wild desire
For you and yesterday.

Somewhere Out of the Darkness Sweet

Somewhere out of the darkness sweet,
The darkness of the narrow grave,
I hear the soft tread of your feet.
Somewhere out of the darkness sweet,—
Or is it but a mere conceit
Of longing that the spirit gave?—
Somewhere out of the darkness sweet,
The darkness of the narrow grave!

Something of Childhood

I have this with me always
The love of little things,—
A torn book from my childhood,
A worn out doll that clings
Around memory, that lingers
And in the tree top sings.

I have not yet forgotten
The toy house on the lawn,
The wee and shabby furniture
Quite rickety and torn,
I close my eyes and wonder———
Where has my childhood gone?

I think sometime I'll find it
Beside a shaded brook,
With johnny-jump-ups on its bank
Like in a story book———
The little girl I used to know
With childhood's wondering look.

The Waves That Washed Away the Sand

The waves that washed away the sand
Swept our two names into the sea———
They acted as a fairy wand.
The waves that washed away the sand,
Left nothing that we two had planned,
But set our hearts and summer free.
The waves that washed away the sand
Swept our two names into the sea.

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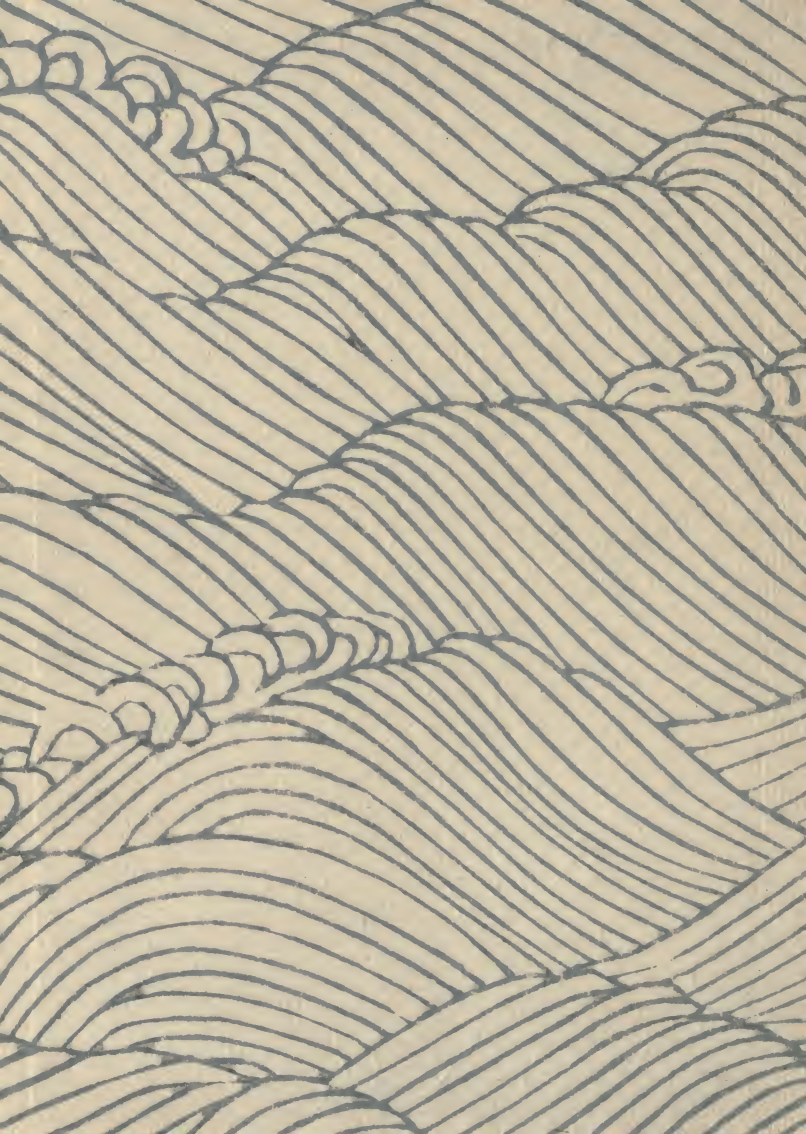
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